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A N Anne Queen of Gt. Britain K.

O D E,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

QUEEN.

ON THE

Late Glorious Succeſs

OF

HER MAJESTY's ARMS.

By Mr. Prior

Written in Imitation of *Spencer*'s Stile.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur armis. Hor.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate next *Grays-Inn* Lane. 1706.

AN

ODE

Humbly Inscribed to the

QUEEN

ON THE

Late Glorious Success

OF

HER MAJESTY'S ARMS

By Mr. Dyer

Printed for Bernard Lintot, at the Cross Keys between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-street. 1706.

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of Writing upon this Occasion, I found the Ideas so great and numerous, that I judg'd them more proper for the Warmth of an Ode, *than for any other sort of Poetry; I therefore set* Horace *before me for a Pattern, and particularly his famous Ode, the Fourth of the Fourth Book,*

Qualem miniſtrum fulminis Alitem, &c.

which he Writ in Praiſe of Druſus *after his Expedition into* Germany, *and of* Auguſtus *upon his happy Choice of that General: And in the following Poem, tho' I have Imitated all the great Strokes of that Ode, I have taken the Liberty to go off from it, and add variouſly, as my Subject and Imagination carry'd me: As to the Matter of Stile, the Choice I made of following the* Ode *in* Latin, *determin'd me in* Engliſh *to the* Stanza; *and herein it was impoſſible not to have a Mind to Imitate our great Countryman* Spencer, *which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in the Manner of my Expreſſion, and the Turn of my Numbers: Having only chang'd one Verſe in his Stanza, and avoided his Obſolete Words: I have however retain'd ſome few of them, to make the Colouring look more like* Spencer's. Beheſt, *Command*; Band, *Army*; Proweſs, *Strength*; I weet, *I know*; I ween, *I think*; whilom, *heretofore*; *and Two or Three more of that Kind, which, I hope, the* Ladies *will pardon me, and not judge my Muſe leſs handſom, tho' for once ſhe appears in a Farthingal. I have alſo, in* Spencer's *Manner, uſed* Cæſar *for the Emperor,* Boya *for* Bavaria, Bavar *for that Prince,* Iſter *for* Danube, Iberia *for* Spain, &c.

That Noble Part of the Ode *I juſt now mention'd,*

Gens, quæ cremato Fortis ab *Ilio*
Jactata *Tuſcis* æquoribus, &c. ——

where Horace *praiſes the* Romans *as being Deſcended from* Æneas, *I have turn'd to the Honour of the* Britiſh *Nation, deſcended from* Brute, *likewiſe a* Trojan. *That this* Brute, *Fourth or Fifth from* Æneas, *ſettl'd in* England, *and built* London, *which he call'd* Troja Nova, *or* Troynovante, *is a Story which (I think) owes its Original to* Geoffry *of* Monmouth, *and the* Monkiſh *Writers; yet Our Great* Cambden *does not reject it, and* Milton *tells it, as if at leaſt he was pleas'd with it, tho' poſſibly he does not believe it: It carries however a Poetical Authority, which is ſufficient for our Purpoſe. It is as certain that* Brute *came into* England, *as that* Æneas *went into* Italy; *and upon the Suppoſition of theſe Facts* Virgil *writ one of the beſt Poems that the World ever read, and* Spencer *paid Queen* Elizabeth *one of the greateſt Compliments.*

My Two Great Examples, Horace *and* Spencer, *do, I think, in many Things reſemble each other; Both have a Height of Imagination, and a Majeſty of Expreſſion in Deſcribing the* Sublime; *and both know to temper thoſe Talents, and ſweeten the Deſcription, ſo as to make it Lovely as well as Pompous: Both have equally that agreable Manner of mixing Morality with their Story, and that* Curioſa Fœlicitas *in the Choice of their Diction, which every Writer aims at, and ſo very few have reach'd: Both are particularly Fine in their Images, and Knowing in their Numbers. So leaving our Two Maſters to the Conſideration and Study of thoſe who deſign to Excel in Poetry, I only beg leave to add, (as to my own Part) That it is long ſince I have (or ought to have) quitted* Parnaſſus, *and all the flow'ry Roads on that Side the Country; tho' I thought my ſelf oblig'd, upon the preſent Occaſion, to take a little Journey into thoſe Parts: And hereupon I declare, that if the* Reader *will be good enough to Pardon me this Excurſion, I will neither trouble him with Poem or Preface any more, 'till my Lord Duke of* Marlborough *gets another Victory greater than thoſe of* Blenheim *and* Ramillies.

AN ODE,

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the QUEEN.

WHEN Great *Auguſtus* govern'd Ancient *Rome*,
And ſent his Conqu'ring Troops to Foreign Wars:
Abroad when Dreaded and belov'd at Home,
He ſaw his Fame encreaſing with his Years;
Horace Great *Bard*, ſo Fate ordain'd, aroſe,
And bold, as were his Countrymen in Fight,
Snatch'd their fair Actions from degrading Proſe,
And ſet their Battels in Eternal Light;
High as their Trumpets Tune his Lyre he ſtrung,
And with his Prince's Arms he moraliz'd his Song.

When bright *Eliza* rul'd *Britannia*'s State,
Widely diſtributing her high Commands;
And boldly Wiſe and fortunately Great
Freed the glad Nations from Tyrannick Bands;
An Equal Genius was in *Spencer* found,
To the high Theme he match'd his Noble Lays;
He travell'd *England* o'er on Fairy Ground,
In Myſtick Notes to Sing his Monarch's Praiſe:
And telling wond'rous Truths in pleaſing Dreams,
He deck'd *Eliza*'s Head with *Gloriana*'s Beams.

But, Greateſt *Anna!* while Thy Arms purſue
Paths of Renown, and climb Aſcents of Fame
Which nor *Auguſtus* nor *Eliza* knew;
What *Poet* ſhall be found to Sing Thy Name?
What Numbers ſhall Record? What Tongue ſhall ſay
Thy Wars on Land, Thy Triumphs on the Main?
Oh Faireſt Model of Imperial Sway!
What Equal Pen ſhall write Thy wond'rous Reign?
Who ſhall Attempts and Victories rehearſe
By Story yet untold, unparallell'd by Verſe?

Me all too mean for ſuch a Task I weet,
Yet if the *Sovereign Lady* daigns to Smile,
I'll follow *Horace* with impetuous Heat,
And cloath the Verſe in *Spencer's* Native Stile.
By theſe Examples rightly taught to Sing,
And ſmit with Pleaſure of my Country's Praiſe,
Stretching the Plumes of an uncommon Wing,
High as *Olympus* I my Flight would raiſe:
And lateſt Times ſhould in my Numbers read
Anna's Immortal Fame, and *Marlb'rough's* hardy Deed.

As the Strong Eagle in the ſilent Wood,
Nor ſeeking Battel, nor intent on Harms,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or Cryſtal Flood,
'Till by *Jove's* high Beheſts call'd out to Arms,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Boſom with the vengeful Meſſage glows:
Upward the Noble Bird directs his Wing,
And tow'ring round his Maſter's Earth-born Foes,
Swift he collects his fatal Stock of Ire,
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire.

In Council Calm and in Diſcourſe Sedate,
Under his Vineyard in his Native Land,
Quiet and ſafe thus Victor *Marlb'rough* ſate,
'Till *Anna* gives Her Thunder to his Hand;
Then leaving ſoft Repoſe and gentle Eaſe
With ſwift Impatience ſeeks the diſtant Foe;
Flying o'er Hills and Vales, o'er Rocks and Seas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous Blow:
Quicker than Thought he takes his deſtin'd Aim,
And Expectation flies on ſlower Wings than Fame.

Untam'd *Bavar*, when on *Ramillia*'s Plain
Afar he did the *Britiſh* Chief behold,
Betwixt Deſpair, and Rage, and Hope, and Pain,
Something within his warring Boſom roll'd:
He views that Fav'rite of Indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom he had met on *Iſter*'s Shoar:
Too well, alas! the Man he knows, the ſame
Whoſe Proweſs there repell'd the *Boyan* Pow'r,
And ſent Them trembling thro' the frighted Lands,
Swift as the Whirlwind drives *Arabia*'s ſcatter'd Sands.

His

His former Losses he forgets to grieve,
Absolves his Fate, if with a kinder Ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To Balance the Account of *Blenheim*'s Day.
So the fell Lion in the lonely Glade,
His Side still smarting with the Hunter's Spear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd
Roars terrible, and meditates new War;
In sullen Fury traverses the Plain,
To find the vent'rous Foe, and Battel him again.

Misguided Prince, no longer urge thy Fate,
Nor tempt thy Rival to unequal War;
Fam'd in Misfortune, and in Ruin Great,
Confess the Force of *Marlb'rough*'s stronger Star!
That Laurel Grove, that Harvest of thy Youth,
Which thou from *Mahomet* didst greatly gain,
Whilst bold Assertor of resistless Truth,
Thy Sword did Godlike Liberty maintain,
Must shed, I ween, its Honours from thy Brow;
And on another Head another Spring must know.

Yet ceaſe the Ways of Providence to blame,
And Human Faults with Human Grief confeſs:
'Tis Thou art chang'd, while Heav'n is ſtill the ſame,
In thy ill Conduct ſeek thy ill Succeſs:
Impartial Juſtice holds Her equal Scales,
'Till ſtronger Virtue does the Weight incline;
If over Thee thy glorious Foe prevails;
He now Defends the Cauſe that once was Thine.
Jove's Handmaid *Pow'r* muſt *Jove*'s Beheſts purſue,
And where the Cauſe is Juſt, the Warrior ſhall Subdue.

Hark! the dire Trumpets ſound their ſhrill Alarms,
Auverquerque, ſprung from the Renown'd *Naſſau*'s
Hoary in War, and bent beneath his Arms,
With an Intrepid Hand and Courage draws
That Sword, Immortal *William* at his Death
(Who could a fairer Legacy beſtow?)
Did to the Part'ner of his Arms bequeath:
That Sword well *Loüis* and his Captains know;
For they have ſeen it drawn from *William*'s Thigh,
Full oft as he came forth, to Conquer, or to Die.

But brandiſh'd high, and waving in the Air,
Behold, unhappy Prince, the Maſter Sword,
Which perjur'd *Gallia* ſhall for ever fear:
'Tis that which *Cæſar* gave the *Britiſh* Lord.
He took the Gift; Nor ever will I ſheath,
He ſaid, (ſo *Anna*'s high Beheſts Ordain)
This Glorious Gift, unleſs by Glorious Death
Abſolv'd, 'till I by Conqueſt fix your Reign.
Returns like theſe Our *Miſtreſs* bids us make,
When from a Foreign Prince a Gift Her *Britons* take.

And now fierce *Gallia* ruſhes on Her Foes,
Her Force augmented by the *Boyan* Bands:
So *Volga*'s Stream, increas'd by Mountain Snows,
Rolls with new Fury down thro' *Ruſſia*'s Lands.
Like Two great Rocks againſt the raging Tide,
(If Virtue's Force with Nature's we compare,)
The Two great adverſe Chiefs unmov'd abide,
Suſtain the Impulſe, and receive the War:
Round their firm Sides in vain the Tempeſt beats,
And ſtill the foaming Wave with leſſen'd Pow'r retreats.

The Shock ſuſtain'd, the Friendly Pair advance,
With mingl'd Anger, and collected Might,
To turn the War; and tell aggreſſing *France*
How *Britain*'s Sons and *Britain*'s Friends can fight.
Fix'd on Revenge, and Covetous of Fame,
Behold 'em ruſhing thro' the *Gallic* Hoſt:
Thro' ſtanding Corn ſo runs the ſudden Flame,
Or Eaſtern Winds along *Sicilia*'s Coaſt.
They deal their Terrors to the adverſe Nation,
Pale Death attends their Deed, and ghaſtly Deſolation.

But oh! while mad with Rage *Bellona* glows,
And *Europe* rather hopes than fears her Fate,
While with large Steps to Conqueſt *Britain* goes,
What Horror damps the Strong, and quells the Great?
Why do thoſe Warriors look diſmay'd and pale,
That, ever Dreadful, never knew to Dread?
Why does the charging Foe almoſt prevail,
And the Purſuers only not recede?
Their Rage, alas! ſubmitting to their Grief,
Behold, they weep, and croud, around their falling Chief.

I thank Thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce *Bavar*,
Let *Boya*'s Trumpet grateful *Io's* ſound;
I ſaw him fall, that Thunderbolt of War,
I ſaw Their *Marlb'rough* ſtretch'd along the Ground ——
Vain Hope! ſhort Joy! for *Marlb'rough* mounts again
In greater Glory, and with fuller Light:
The Ev'ning Star ſo falls into the Main,
To riſe at Morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near, too near his Side,
A good Man's grievous Loſs, a faithful Servant dy'd.

And lo! the dubious Battel is regain'd,
The Foe with leſſen'd Rage diſputes the Field,
The *Briton* fights, by fav'ring Gods ſuſtain'd,
And *Liberty* muſt live, and *Gallia* yield.
Vain now the Tales which fab'ling Poets tell,
That wav'ring *Conqueſt* ſtill deſires to rove;
In *Marlb'rough's* Camp the Goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the Hero's Life remains her Love.
The Foe retires, the Victor urges on,
And *Blenheim's* Fame again is in *Ramillia* known.

Great Thanks, Oh Captain great in Arms! receive,
From thy Triumphant Country's publick Voice.
Thy Country greater Thanks can only give
—— To *Anne*, to Her who made those Arms Her Choice.
Recording *Schellenberg*'s and *Blenheim*'s Toils,
We wish'd Thou would'st no more those Toils repeat:
We view'd the Palace charg'd with *Gallia*'s Spoils,
And in those Spoils we thought thy Praise compleat;
For never *Greek*, we deem'd, nor *Roman* Knight,
In Characters like these did e'er his Acts indite.

Yet mindless still of Rest Thy Virtue flies
A Pitch, to Old and Modern Times unknown:
Those goodly Deeds which we so highly prize
Imperfect seem, great Chief, to Thee alone.
Those Heights where *William*'s Virtue might have staid,
And on the Subject World look'd safely down,
By *Marlb'rough* past, the Props and Steps were made
To lift Great *Anna*'s Glory further on;
Still gaining more, still slighting what He gain'd,
Nothing was done, He thought, while ought undone remain'd.

When swift-wing'd *Rumour* told the mighty *Gaul*
How leſſen'd from the Field *Bavar* was fled,
He wept the Swiftneſs of the Champion's Fall,
And thus the Royal Treaty-Breaker ſaid,
And lives he yet, the Great, the Loſt *Bavar*,
Ruin to *Gallia*, in the Name of Friend?
Tell me how far has Fortune been ſevere?
Has the Foe's Glory, or our Grief an End?
Remains there, of the Fifty Thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd Realm, or guard our ſhatter'd Coaſt?

To the cloſe Rock the frighted Raven flies,
Soon as he ſees the Eagle cut the Air:
The ſhaggy Wolf unſeen and fearful lyes,
When the hoarſe Roar proclaims the Lion near.
Why then did we our Forts and Lines forſake,
To dare the *Britiſh* Foe to open Fight?
Our Conqueſt we by Stratagem ſhould make,
Our Triumph had been founded in our Flight:
'Tis Ours, by Craft and by Surprize to gain;
'Tis Theirs, to meet in Arms, and Battel in the Plain.

The ancient Father of this Hostile Brood,
Their boasted *Brute*, undaunted snatch'd his Gods
From burning *Troy*, and *Xanthus* red with Blood,
And fix'd on Silver *Thames* his dire Abodes:
And this be *Troynovante*, he said, the Seat
By Heav'n ordain'd, my Sons, your lasting Place:
Superior here to all the Bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the Author of your Race,
Whom neither *Greece*, nor War, nor Want, nor Flame,
Nor Great *Peleides'* Arm, nor *Juno*'s Rage could tame.

Their *Tudor*'s hence and *Stuart*'s Off-spring flow,
Hence *Edward* dreadful with his azure Sheild,
Talbot to *Gallia*'s Pow'r Eternal Foe,
And *Seymour* fam'd in Council or in Field;
Hence *Nevill* Great to Settle or Dethrone,
And *Drake* and *Candish* Terrors of the Sea;
Hence *Butler*'s Sons o'er Land and Ocean known,
Herbert's and *Churchill*'s Warring Progeny:
Hence the long Roll which *Gallia* should conceal,
For Oh! Who vanquish'd loves the Victors Fame to tell?

This is the last Day next but one of Queen Elizabeth's Reign

Envy'd

Envy'd *Britannia*, ſturdy as the Oak
Which on her Mountain Top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the Ax, and ſprouts againſt the Stroke,
Strong from her Wounds, and greater by her Wars.
And as thoſe Teeth which *Cadmus* ſow'd in Earth
Produc'd new Youth, and furniſh'd freſh Supplies;
So with young Vigour, and ſucceeding Birth,
Her Loſſes more than recompenc'd ariſe:
And ev'ry Age She with a Race is Crown'd,
For Letters more Polite, in Battels more Renown'd.

Obſtinate Pow'r, whom Nothing can repel,
Not the fierce *Saxon*, nor the cruel *Dane*,
Nor deep Impreſſion of the *Norman* Steel,
Nor *Europe*'s Force amaſs'd by envious *Spain*;
Nor *France* on Univerſal Sway intent,
Still breaking Leagues, and ſtill renewing Wars:
Nor (uſual Bane of weaken'd Government)
Their own inteſtine Feuds and mutual Jars.
Thoſe Feuds and Jars in which I truſted more,
Than in my Troops, and Fleets, and all the *Gallic* Pow'r.

To fruitful *Rheims*, or fair *Lutetia*'s Gate,
What Tidings ſhall the Meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud Herauld our Succeſs relate,
Or mitred Prieſt appoint the Solemn Day?
Alas! my Praiſes they no more muſt Sing,
And to my Statue they muſt Bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd, is their Immortal King,
Fall'n, fall'n, for ever, is the *Gallic* Pow'r ——
The *Woman Chief* is Maſter of the War,
Earth She has freed by Arms, and vanquiſh'd Heav'n by Pray'r.

Whilſt thus the ruin'd Foe's Deſpair commends
Thy Council and Thy Deed, Victorious *Queen*,
What ſhall Thy Subjects ſay, and what Thy Friends?
How ſhall Thy Triumphs in our Joy be ſeen?
Oh! daign to let the Eldeſt of the *Nine*
Recite *Britannia* Great, and *Gallia* Free;
Oh! with her Siſter *Sculpture* let her join,
To raiſe, Great *Anne*, the Monument to Thee:
To Thee, of all our Good the Sacred Spring:
To Thee, our deareſt Dread, to Thee, our ſofter *King*.

Let *Europe* ſay'd the Column high erect,
Than *Trajan*'s higher, or than *Antonine*'s;
Where ſembling Art may carve the fair Effect,
And full Atchievement of Thy great Deſigns.
In a calm Heav'n, and a ſerener Air,
Sublime, the *Queen* ſhall on the Summet ſtand,
From Danger fat, as far remov'd from Fear,
And pointing down to Earth her dread Command.
All Winds, all Storms that threaten Human Woe,
Shall ſink beneath her Feet, and ſpend their Rage below.

There Fleets ſhall ſtrive by Winds and Waters toſt,
'Till the young *Auſtrian* on *Iberia*'s Strand,
Great as *Æneas* on the *Latian* Coaſt,
Shall fix his Foot: And this, be this the Land,
Great *Jove*, where I for ever will remain,
(The *Empires* other Hope ſhall ſay) and here
Intomb'd I'll Slumber, or Enthron'd I'll Reign ——
Oh Virtue to thy *Britiſh* Mother dear!
Like the fam'd *Trojan* ſuffer and abide,
For *Anne* is thine, I ween, as *Venus* was his Guide.

There, in Eternal Characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and *Gibraltar*, and *Barcelone*,
Their Force deſtroy'd, their Privileges ſav'd,
Shall *Anna*'s Terrors and Her Mercies own:
Spain, from the Rival *Bourbon*'s Arms retriev'd
Shall with new Life and grateful Joy appear,
Numb'ring the Wonders which that Youth atchiev'd,
Whom *Anna* clad in Arms, and ſent to War;
Whom *Anna* ſent to Claim *Iberia*'s Throne,
And made him more than King in calling him Her Son.

There *Iſter* pleas'd, by *Blenheim*'s glorious Field
Rolling, ſhall bid his Eaſtern Waves declare
Germania ſav'd by *Britain*'s ample Shield,
And bleeding *Gaul* afflicted by her Spear:
Shall bid them mention *Marlb'rough*, on that Shore,
Leading his *Iſlanders* renown'd in Arms
Thro' Climes, where never *Britiſh* Chief before
Or pitch'd his Camp, or ſounded his Alarms:
Shall bid them bleſs the *Queen*, who made his Streams
Glorious as thoſe of *Boyn*, and ſafe as thoſe of *Thames*.

There

There *Brabant*, clad with Fields, and crown'd with Tow'rs,
In decent Joy ſhall her Deliv'rer meet;
Shall own Thy Arms, Great *Queen*, and bleſs Thy Pow'rs,
Laying her Keys beneath thy *Subject's* Feet.
Flanders, by Plenty made the Home of War,
Shall weep her Crime, and bow to *Charles* reſtor'd;
With double Vows ſhall bleſs Thy happy Care,
In having drawn, or having ſheath'd the Sword.
Her Siſter Provinces from her ſhall know
How *Anne* ſupports a Friend, or how forgives a Foe.

Bright Swords, and creſted Helms, and pointed Spears,
In artful Piles around the Work ſhall lye;
And Shields indented deep in ancient Wars,
Blazon'd with Marks of *Gallic* Heraldry:
And Standards with diſtinguiſh'd Honours bright,
Types of high Pow'r and National Command,
Which *Valois'* Sons, and *Bourbon's* bore in Fight,
Or gave to *Foix'*, or *Montmorancy's* Hand:
Great Spoils, which *Gallia* muſt to *Britain* yield,
From *Creſſy's* Battel ſav'd, to grace *Ramillia's* Field.

And as fine Art the Spaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing Thought and curious Eye ſhould ſee
Thy Emblem, happy *Queen*, the *Britiſh* Roſe,
Sign of ſweet Pow'r, and gentle Majeſty:
The *Northern* Thiſtle, whom no Hoſtile Hand
Unhurt too nearly may approach, I ween;
And *Ireland*'s Harp, her Emblem of Command,
And Inſtrument of Joy, ſhould there be ſeen:
And *Gallia*'s wither'd Lillies pale, and torn,
Should, here and there diſpers'd, the laſting Work adorn.

Beneath, Great *Queen*, Oh! very far beneath,
Near to the Ground, and on the humble Baſe,
To ſave her ſelf from Darkneſs, and from Death,
That *Muſe* deſires the laſt, the loweſt Place,
Who, tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the tremb'ling String,
For the fair Fame of *Anne* and *Albion*'s Land,
Who durſt of War and Martial Fury Sing;
And when thy Will appointed *Marlb'rough*'s Hand
To end thoſe Wars, and make that Fury ceaſe,
Hangs up her grateful Harp, to Everlaſting Peace.

F I N I S.